

**NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATOR.**  
 Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Fannie C. Brooks, deceased, late of Craven County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased, to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 27th day of June, 1914, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.  
**NATHAN C. BROOKS**  
 Administrator.  
 Bridgeton, N. C.  
 This 26th day of June, 1913.

**NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATRIX.**  
 Having qualified as administratrix of the estate of Andrew W. McDaniel, deceased, late of Craven County, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at New Bern, N. C., on or before the 25th day of June, 1914, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.  
 This 25th day of June, 1913.  
**Julia A. McDaniel, Administratrix**  
 of Andrew W. McDaniel, deceased.

**Good form**  
 Personal Remarks.  
 The habit of making personal remarks grows upon people, and many are surprised when informed that there can be no greater breach of etiquette.  
 In any place where a conversation can be overheard mischief beyond repairing is often done by remarks concerning the personal affairs of either the speaker or her friends. Usually it is women that make these remarks. Men have to be more careful, for the reason that they may reap the just reward of a knockdown from some one overhearing.  
 After these remarks are made from an overwhelming sense of curiosity. An incident relates a story of a very young girl, attending a large reception, noticed a most peculiar looking woman standing near and as soon as conventional greetings were over eagerly inquired of her hostess, "Dear Mrs. X., who is that dreadful woman standing over there by the door?" Imagine her horror when the reply came in cold tones, "That is my mother." She fled to a near friend to tell her tale of woe and received then and there a lecture that lasted through life on the importance of keeping her remarks confined to other things than personal matters.  
 It is bad taste, which means a breach of etiquette, to ask anything about an individual in a crowd, whether it be at a reception, on the street, in a public conveyance or in any case excepting perhaps the name of a person.  
 After the very person for whom the curiosity is felt is really of importance, in a way, may be a celebrity, eccentric in dress and bearing, so it is well to steer clear of personal remarks unless in the nature of a compliment. The woman who is invited to spend any time with friends will do well to remember this law, for it is a law of etiquette, before making any sort of remark about one guest to another or to her hostess about any guest present. She may find herself in very deep water and never be invited again.  
 People are prone to talk about people, not about things, and that is why one woman got the reputation of being "the best talker about the weather" ever heard. She had found it a safe topic and kept herself out of trouble by using all her powers to make it her one pet subject.

**EVILS OF EYE STRAIN.**  
 Some of Them Are Headaches, Dizziness and Indigestion.  
 When a child begins to screw up its eyes to elevate and depress its eyebrows, to wrinkle its forehead, to blink, to push forward its head when looking at things, then suspect eye strain. Among the many troubles caused by eye strain are headaches, dizziness, indigestion and so called bilious attacks.  
 Eye strain is really a weariness of the many nerves that supply the small muscles of the eyes. If there be any abnormal optical conditions, such as errors of refraction, found in myopia, or shortsightedness and hyperopia, or long sightedness, imperfect balance of the ocular muscles and astigmatism or asymmetrical curvature of the cornea, these muscles try their best to correct the trouble, but soon tire of the effort and give it up, when the blurred images of irregular diffusion are left to irritate the retina. As one-fourth of all the cranial nerves are devoted to the eyes one can scarcely wonder that headaches are the result of eye strain. That backwardness in school work is often due to eye strain is well known to up to date educators.  
 It is claimed by some medical men that the majority of children who are rated as mentally defective are not suffering from weakness of intellect, but from defective sight, that can be cured by glasses.—New York World.

**A Preparatory Test**  
 By OLIVE EDNA MAY

"Harry," said Bess, "I've been thinking what an awful thing it is for a girl to trust her whole future to a man, not knowing whether he's going to make a good husband or a horrid one. I've a good mind to break our engagement."  
 "Strange, isn't it? I was thinking the same thing about a man's tying himself up for life to a woman. My uncle says a man runs an awful risk when he marries."  
 "How should he know? He's never been married."  
 "I've no doubt that your aunt, who is an elderly maiden, put all this distrust into your head. I've often heard her say she wouldn't marry the best man in the world."  
 "Aunt Martha has a very clear idea of men's faults."  
 "So has my Uncle Jim of women's shortcomings. But, as I said a moment ago, I've been thinking myself that it's like taking a cold plunge to be married. If you think you don't care to risk it perhaps we'd better break it off."  
 She pouted at this and bent her eyes down on a locket she was toying with.  
 "Uncle Jim says," he continued, "that marriage is all very well so long as the spooning lasts, but just as soon as a couple come down to the real thing the girl discovers that she hasn't got exactly what she wanted, or the fellow finds he's made a bull, or both do, and the fracas begins. Now, suppose we stop spooning and treat each other in that friendly way married people do. We'd find out the cause of future dissatisfaction and could make up our minds with deliberation whether we'd better risk it or not."  
 "That's a good idea. When shall we begin now?"  
 "No; the next time we meet."  
 He didn't care to begin now, because it was only 11 o'clock at night and he was quite sure he would wish to spoon till 1. So they sat locked in each other's arms till 2, when they made preparations for parting, which required half an hour more, and finally succeeded in dragging themselves away from each other at 3. They were to begin their humdrum matrimonial treatment at their next meeting, and in order to be well prepared he was not to call again for three days. When the time was up he had nervously decided to act like a man who had been married ten years. He gave her a perfumery kiss and, throwing himself into an easy chair, asked if anything new had turned up since he saw her last. She gave him a scornful glance, made no reply and, taking a seat in another part of the room, took up a book she had been reading.  
 He yawned and, taking a cigarette from a box, lit it, leaned back and smoked. There was a long silence. It was only a few minutes, but it seemed long.  
 "Been to your aunt's today?" he asked.  
 "No. Is your uncle well?"  
 "Very."  
 Another silence, during which he took up a magazine from a table, turned over the leaves and threw it down. Then he glanced in her direction and saw that the book she was reading, or, rather, pretending to read, was upside down, pictures and all.  
 "Been a big storm lately?"  
 "Not that I know of. Why do you ask?"  
 "Oh, I see a picture of a capsized ship in the book you're reading."  
 This called her attention to the inverted position of the volume, and she reversed it. There was no sound except the turning of its leaves, which occurred so rapidly that she must have been capable of reading a page away ten seconds. Finally he said with a yawn:  
 "I shall have to go to bed early to-night. I've been up till late for several nights."  
 "I'm sorry you must go early."  
 He took out his watch. It was a quarter to 9. "I think I'll go now," he said. "I'll drop into the club for a few minutes before I go to my room."  
 "Good night."  
 Since he had not risen this was somewhat unexpected. He arose with a scowl on his brow and, without saying a word of adieu, strode to the closet in the hall and was hunting for his hat and cane when he heard a sob directly behind him. She was there, holding her handkerchief to her eyes. He clasped her in his arms, and her head fell on his shoulder. There was an impressive silence for some moments, which he broke.  
 "I don't believe this test plan is at all necessary."  
 "I—don't—think—so."  
 "I'm sure there are no disagreeable features about you that would cause me to wish myself unmarried."  
 "You won't treat me badly, will you, Harry, dear?"  
 "No."  
 The promise was sealed with a kiss.  
 "Must you go so early?"  
 "By no means. Now that we have proved that we love each other there's no possibility of our being dissatisfied with each other after marriage."  
 He was not so sleepy as he had supposed. At any rate, it was half past 8 in the morning when he took his departure.  
 He has now been married ten years, and he wonders what they said to each other between 8 p. m. and 8 a. m. during their sittings when they were engaged.

**Electric Bitters**  
**Made A New Man Of Him.**  
 "I was suffering from pain in my stomach, head and back," writes H. T. Alston, Raleigh, N. C., "and my liver and kidneys did not work right, but four bottles of Electric Bitters made me feel like a new man."  
 PRICE 50 CTS. AT ALL DRUG STORES.

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**ATHENA LODGE No. 8, K. of P.—**  
 Meets every Tuesday 8 p. m., over Gas Co.'s office, Middle St., J. R. Whitehead C. C., J. H. Smith, K. of R. and S. Visiting brothers are assured of a cavalier's welcome.  
**CRAVEN LODGE No. 1, KNIGHTS OF HARMONY—**  
 Meets second and fourth Wednesday nights at 7:30 o'clock in each month at Knights of Harmony hall, corner Broad and Hancock street. J. K. Willis, President; R. J. Disoway, Secretary; Geo. Moulton Financial Secretary.

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**R. F. D. and Star Mail Routes For the District.**  
 The following with a request for publication has been received by the Journal from Representative John M. Faison.  
 As the present administration is disposed to give R. F. D. or star mail routes and change present routes when needed, I shall be glad to supply blank forms for such routes or changes to those who have not proper and convenient mail facilities.  
 Look over your sections, and wherever it is possible to get a new R. F. D. or star route, write me for this blank petition, fill it out, and return it to me I shall be glad to get you the best mail service possible.  
 With best wishes  
 Yours most truly,  
**Jno. M. Faison.**

A few **PHILADELPHIA lawn mowers** left, price reduced 10 per cent.—**J. S. Basnight Hardware Co.,** 67 S. Front Street. Phone 99.

The North Carolina **COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND MECHANIC ARTS.**  
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**E. B. OWEN, Registrar,** West Raleigh, N. C.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.**  
 Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Annie M. Barrow deceased, late of Craven County, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at New Bern, N. C., on or before the 30th day of June, 1914, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.  
 This 30th day of June, 1913.  
**Dennis Barrow, Administrator**  
 of Annie M. Barrow, Deceased.

**Southern Railway**  
**PREMIER CARRIER OF THE SOUTH**  
 Direct Lines to all Points  
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 If you're contemplating a trip to any point, before completing arrangements for same, it will be wise for you to consult a representative of the Southern Railway, or write the undersigned, who will gladly and courteously furnish you with all information as to your best and quickest schedule and most comfortable in which to make the trip.  
**H. F. CARY, Gen. Pass. Agent**  
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**J. O. JONES, Travelling Pass. Agent**  
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**Stop, Look, Read and Listen**  
 Those 10 acre farms on Neuse Road are going fast, but not all sold yet. Also I can offer special inducements and easy terms on two saw mill plants with timber sufficient for several years cutting, and a large number of good farms in Craven and adjoining counties.  
**J. T. H. Moore**  
 148 Middle St.  
 New Bern, N. C.

**THE PLAIN OF MARATHON.**  
 Modern Aspect of the Famous Old Greek Battlefield.  
 Greece, though sparsely inhabited, is in the main a very cheerful looking country. The loneliness of much of it is not depressing, the bareness of much of it is not sad. I began to understand this on the day when I went to the plain of Marathon, which fortunately lies away from railroads. One must go there by carriage or motor or on horseback. The road is bad both for beasts and machinery, but it passes through country which is typical of Greece and through which it would be foolish to go in haste.  
 Go quietly to Marathon, spend two hours there, or more, and when you return in the evening to Athens you will have tasted a new joy. You will have lived for a little while in an exquisite pastoral—a pastoral through which, it is true, no pipes of Pan have fluted to you; I heard little music in Greece—but which has been full of that lightness, brightness, simplicity and delicacy peculiar to Greece. The soil of the land is light, and, I believe, though Hellenes have told me that in this I am wrong, that the heart of the people is light. Certainly the heart of one traveler was as he made his way to Marathon along a white road thickly powdered with dust.—Robert Hichens in Century Magazine.

**A Fiery Speech.**  
 William O'Brien in his "Recollections" gives this picture of Timothy Healy's first appearance in parliament:  
 "A quarter of an hour after he took his seat as member for Wexford he started up to make his maiden speech—tiny of frame, sardonic of visage, his hands in his breeches pockets, as coolly insolent as a Parisian gamine, as entirely detestable as a small Diogenes, peering over the rims of his pince-nez as from his tub, through billious eyes over his contemptible audience—and horrified the house of commons with the following exordium: 'Mr. Speaker, if the noble marquis (Hartington) thinks he is going to bully us with his high and mighty Cavendish ways, all I can tell him is he will find himself knocked into a cocked hat in a jiffy, and we will have to put him to the necessity of wiping the blood of all the Cavendishes from his noble nose a good many times before he disposes of us.'"  
**Ways of the Japanese.**  
 The thick straw mats are the only furniture needed in a Japanese house. They are three by six feet in size and take the place of tables, beds and chairs. The house is never heated. In winter the people put on thick, wadded kimonos, sit on their feet and hold their hands over a little charcoal brazier. For recreation they go out to the family burying ground to worship the spirits of their ancestors or to a shrine to see the cherry blossoms. If earthquakes, which are as common there as thunderstorms here, shake down the little houses or they are swept away by the fires that a proverb says sweep Tokyo every seven years the little brown folks only smile and murmur "Shikata ga nai" (There is no help for it).—New York Sun.

**They Didn't Like Razors.**  
 Said Daniel Webster: "The razor! It has taught me to curse. It has cost me more time and more trouble than all my speeches."  
 Rufus Choate, the lawyer, called the razor an instrument invented by Lucifer to fill up hell with barristers.  
 Edward Everett never used profane language, but before shaving he would invariably give vent to all sorts of French barbarisms.

**The Retort.**  
 Here is a retort which a "dull student" once made: Professor—You seem to be very dull. When Alexander the Great was your age he had already conquered the world. Student—Well, you see, he had Aristotle for a teacher.—Chambers' Journal.

**Missed Vocation.**  
 Client—Didn't you make a mistake in going into law instead of the army? Lawyer—Why? Client—By the way you charge there would be little left of the enemy.—London Tit-Bits.

**True Courtesy.**  
 Well bred people are always willing to retire into the background, while those who are not polite demand the foreground. True courtesy is the refraining from hurting the feelings of any one as well as the striving to make those we meet glad that they have had the pleasure.

**Our Courtesy.**  
 "There is nothing which so exalts and graces a man in the opinion of others as his politeness and consideration for his wife. Instead of being, as some unfortunately feel it, unmanly and weak, it is the highest type of manliness, and to such service of love and respect the woman will invariably respond with all the tenderness and affection of her nature," says an authority on etiquette.  
 What a splendid thing it would be if every married man would take that paragraph into his heart and model his manner to his wife upon it!  
 One of the awkward moments a guest sometimes experiences is being a witness of a man's rudeness to his wife. Sympathy for the woman, wrath at the man and indignation on her own behalf—for rudeness to his wife indicates the man would be discourteous to all women if he dared—make her contemptuous of one so lacking in true manliness. Fault finding about food, criticism over small oversights, impatience over errors at cards—all trivial matters that a man should regard as the accidents of the moment and rise above—make the spectator wonder how the wife fares in the privacy of home.  
 Such things wound and humiliate the wife and lessen her love. Yes, they do. How can she believe in a man's love who will not regard her feelings in public at least? She laughs them off—it is the only thing she can do—or she passes them over in silence, but she knows how other women regard them, and she knows her husband's stock is going below par in their estimation, and that hurts her pride in him.  
**Rules For the Well Bred.**  
 It is not proper to tuck one's handkerchief inside the open neck of one's gown, making use of this opening as a place of safety for the mouchoir, and no person who desires to be thought well bred will do it. To pull out even a handkerchief from inside one's waist is unrefined. The handkerchief should be kept up the sleeve, which fashion still countenances, or in a fancy bag to match the gown, which is one of the fads of the summer.  
 Either through thoughtlessness or ignorance some women have a trick of continually fussing at the neck of a low cut waist. They give it little pulls, as if it did not fit comfortably, or hitch it with their shoulders as if they felt out of place in it. Such a movement is most unpleasant, for if not only makes the person who does it conspicuous, but it calls attention to probable defects which were better concealed.

**FOR SALE.**  
 1 House and lot, Spring street.  
 2 houses and lots, Griffith street.  
 2 houses and lots, Bridgeton.  
 1 house and lot, Pollock street.  
 1 house and lot, Metcalf street.  
 1 house and lot, Crescent street.  
 2 houses and lots, Queen street.  
 1 house and lot, George street.  
 3 houses and lots, Gaston street.  
 1 house and lot, Duffy town.  
 6 houses and lots, B street.  
 4 houses and lots, New street.  
 1 house and lot, East Front street.  
 2 houses and lots, Change street.  
 1 building on South Front street, L. G. Daniels' stable.  
 4 lots in Elmview.  
 9 lots on Broad street.  
 4 lots, Riverside.  
 5 lots, George street.  
 2 lots, Bridgeton.  
 15 lots, Pembroke.  
 I am also agent for lots in Ghent. If you want a nice new home buy also in Ghent and build one. I also have 3 large farms, small farm, good soil, also about 60,000 acres of good timbered land. If you are interested in buying or selling land see me.

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